The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Editors:

PHILIP BURNHAM EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*

JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

VOLUME XXVIII *August 26, 1938* NUMBER 18

CONTENTS

WEEK BY WEEK		437
"I DISAGREE" (*Cartoon*)		439
THE CURRICULUM CONTROVERSY	*Francis P. Donnelly*	441
ROSARY (*Verse*)	*Rosamond Haas*	442
GLASTONBURY AND THE HOLY GRAIL	*Sister Julie*	443
DR. LAWRENCE F. FLICK	*James J. Walsh*	445
A HACKBERRY TREE (*Verse*)	*Robert Sparks Walker*	446
AN ASPECT OF FRENCH POETRY	*Anthony Morgan*	447
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Michael Williams*	449
COMMUNICATIONS		449
THE SCREEN	*Philip Hartung*	451
BOOKS OF THE DAY		451
THE INNER FORUM		455

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Annual Subscriptions: U. S. and Canada: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00.

Week by Week

THE CHARGES made by enemies of the C.I.O. before the House committee which is investigating "un-American" activities simmer down to this: that Communists occupy key positions if they do not dominate in the C.I.O., which is using Communist-imported tactics of violence to train American workers for the eventual uprising of the proletariat, the Revolution. This is a serious contention, but its source must not be forgotten. Most specific in his testimony was Vice-President John P. Frey of the A.F.L., who branded hundreds of C.I.O. leaders by name as members of the Communist party or as outright Communist sympathizers. The inclusion of such figures as John Brophy in his list should engender caution in accepting his roll of dishonor without corroboration, but he does remind the public that Communists have won various key positions in the American labor movement. It is the implications and the broader contentions of these witnesses that seem to us untenable. Factual observers are agreed that the overwhelming majority of the C.I.O. membership is opposed to Communism or, to quote *Business Week*, that "most of the American unions today are predominantly profit-system advocates, both as to membership and leadership."

Communists and American Labor

GENUINE trade unionism is a social good in itself, a movement that should be supported equally against the Tom Girdler type of obstructionism and the Earl Browder technique of utilization for ulterior ends. The Dies committee witnesses will not succeed in convincing many that the C.I.O. should be opposed at all hazards because it has attracted Communist sympathy and participation, but the problem of meeting such a challenge to the fruitful development of the American labor movement remains. In most cases the Stalinists, Trotskyites and Lovestoneites who have reached positions of leadership far beyond that warranted by the numbers of their adherents have done so by dint of their intense interest in the well-being of their fellow workers, their willingness to spend countless hours of time and energy for the union cause, their definite objectives and their comparatively skilful technique. To the extent that they have been successful they have indicated the path which majority leadership must take if it is to prevent the unions from being operated simply as the tool of a revolutionary pressure group. Intense and enlightened union activity would seem to offer far greater promise than raising one's hands in horror at the approach of a Communist, or than drawing up hazily defined Christian fronts which unrealistically hold that "Communism has caused nearly all the present ills of the world." The Communists are right in awarding a strategic position to the American labor movement in the development of our democracy in these difficult times. But they and all other pressure groups will be unsuccessful if the American workingman awakens to his responsibility of joining a union and taking an active part in its conduct. Nation-wide extension of the facilities of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and similar groups would be helpful.

Unsocial Insecurity

THE THIRD anniversary of the Social Security Act has provoked many views and reviews of this ponderous and far-reaching piece of legislation. At the time of its enactment, Mr. F. P. Kenkel of the Central Bureau of the Central Verein commented that this was the first public acknowledgment on the part of the government that our prevalent economic system had failed completely. For it was thus recognized that the typical citizen might spend a life-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time in conscientious and productive labor and finally remain with no assurance whatsoever of economic security in his old age, a sad perspective indeed. The Supreme Court decision validating the Act pointed out that its fund-raising provisions constituted a universal "income tax on employees," and an "excise tax on employers." Students have discovered that less than 60 percent of the sums collected will be paid out to the beneficiaries. Actuaries have been puzzled by a "reserve" consisting of government I O U's to be met subsequently by general taxation. The sad part of the matter for us is that Mr. John Citizen must depend in his declining years upon a complicated mess frankly beyond his powers of comprehension and in the last analysis upon a governmental handout. The whole business seems to us to be in the nature of a palliative. We would much prefer to see the same energies applied to schemes making for wider distribution of income and property which would eliminate the necessity of federal old age pension plans.

Purge—American Style

POLITICAL sages have been at a loss to find a formula to fit and explain all the various acts and objects of the President's primary purge. The trouble probably lies in the fact that in the complex hurly-burly of politics wherein the same office holders have had rôles for years, the reasons aligning pairs of men in friendship or enmity are too complex to bear any formulation, much less simplification, in terms of opposition to one or more administration measures. A conclusive proof of this would seem to be the President's own inability to match word and deed in handling the various purgandi. A "Doctor Fell" answer by the President to questioning reporters might have been more realistic and satisfactory. In any event, it should be extremely comforting for us to ponder over the contrast between the American purge and its European analogates. There was no swoop of G-men to Georgia or California, with the members of the opposition left lying in their own blood; there was no descent of the President himself, gun in hand, to New York's East Side to "get" Representative O'Connor, a leader of the opposition. There was no trial of the "wreckers" of the administration program before packed courts with "confessions" of shameful guilt followed by secret execution. No. There was a laborious cross-country campaign of the President himself during the dog days of summer with a public appeal for support that was in several instances not heeded. And the voice of the people, of course, is considered final by all contestants. We Americans are still fortunate in many ways and we ought to cherish and do everything to preserve our political birthright.

No More Circuses

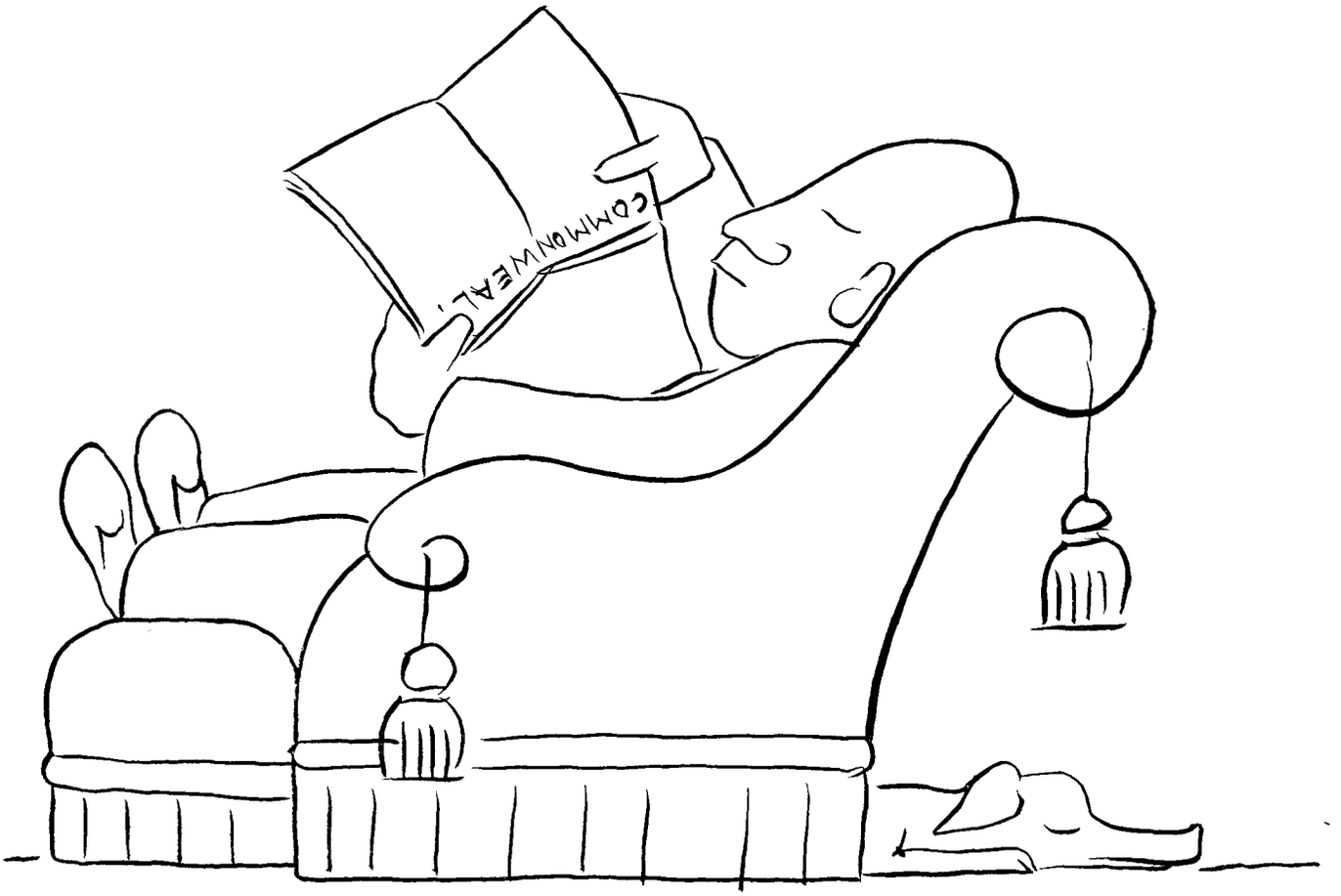
THE LABOR troubles which brought about the collapse of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus late in June were but heralds of troubles for other shows under other tents, troubles based not upon the dissatisfaction of workers but upon lack of box-office patronage and this summer's peculiarly unpropitious weather. It is reported that no less than twelve of the larger circuses have had to close down already this year, and the demise of several more is expected. An organization of uncertain membership calling itself the Circus Fans Association has set about the task of collecting the signatures of 500,000 school children to a petition asking the President to do something to save the circus. More power to it! It would indeed be a tragedy if future generations of American youth—and those of our own generation who are perpetually young—should never again know the thrill of watching trapeze artists and lion acts, of seeing bearded ladies and thin men and sword swallowers and snake charmers. But it is a little difficult to see what the President can do about it, unless the entire circus is to be transformed into a permanent department of WPA. We have another suggestion. The American Medical Association might well find this a proper field of endeavor. It might launch a save-the-circus campaign itself among its own members. And since the ravages of pink lemonade, popcorn and peanuts usually end up in handsome fees to local medicos, such a campaign would exhibit one of those happy combinations of action for the general welfare which incidentally produce legitimate profits to those participating in it.

The Civilian Maginot Line

THE WAVE of skyscraper construction in American and other cities, accelerated after the last war, has pretty well subsided. Except for armament industries and their appendages, plant construction is at a low ebb because of increasing domestic poverty and the deepening slump in world trade. In the United States particularly, but also in many European countries, the problem of financing badly needed low-cost housing has prevented large-scale building in those fields. But architects should take heart; a tremendous opportunity is about to open before them: the building of the underground city. Discussion of this problem was the opening note of of the International Housing and Town Planning Congress at Mexico City, which has attracted engineers and technicians from all sectors of the globe. As E. J. Goodacre of Great Britain described the necessity today of protecting civil populations from the air raids of the next war, "We must face the situation and construct underground cities, making use of mod-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE OF OUR FRIENDLY CRITICS



"I disagree"

ern science in this new sphere of life. We must construct underground dwellings with sun towers making the fullest use of television, periscopes, artificial sunlight, reconditioned air and even a condensed dietary. . . . If science brings new terrors, science can also provide new means of refuge and new counter measures." That this was not isolated opinion was indicated by similar expressions from delegates from New York, New Zealand, Palestine and the European countries of France, Germany, Italy, Norway and Poland.

HOW THIS new development is working out locally is indicated by a report from Manchester, England, where the response for volunteers for an Air-raid Precautions Committee was disappointing. When 500 basements were asked from business firms for use as emergency shelters, only 66 were offered. The local society of architects is meeting in October to study the structural problems of civilian air raid defense. This is all a startling and completely convincing corroboration of the contention that the next war—as the wars today in Spain and China indicate—will be a total war, a war of one whole population against another entire population of men, women and children. The one thing to be said for this development of war technique is that it strengthens the convictions and determination of those who maintain that modern warfare is evil in itself, regardless of the provocation.

Medicine in the Courts

THE MEDICAL situation in the District of Columbia has progressed (or perhaps the word should be "thickened") to the point where factual bulletins are more satisfactory than any attempt at general appraisal. A very definite mood is produced in the lay onlooker, but no secure judgment; he is aware only of following something which fills him with distaste and bewilderment, and which he wishes were not happening. It now seems fair to conclude, from the interchange between the counsel of the District Medical Society, affiliate of the A. M. A., and Assistant Attorney General Arnold, that the Department of Justice will do nothing more against the society, without more provocation: "Any further practises of this kind [the alleged attempt of the society to deter physicians

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from serving the Group Health Association] will be prosecuted." So far, so good. But note that the society itself now takes the offensive, by suing to restrain the association from functioning.

THE SUIT is advertised as an effort to secure clarification of all the legal issues involved. As such, it may perform a badly needed service—partial compensation, at any rate, for the loss the profession must inevitably sustain, in all of this, of public trust and good-will. It is interesting, and a little ironical, that the society concurrently announces the perfecting of a monthly-payment plan for low-income groups in the District, to be passed on in October. We have no right to prejudge this plan; perhaps it is excellent—we hope it is. But if the A. M. A. had perfected and advertised such plans sooner, if it had been less set throughout on snubbing the malcontents in its midst, in putting the name-callers and motive-imputers in their places, and more ready to take warning from them of the existence of an economic crisis which must be met, the situation would never have got beyond its control. It would not at this moment be engaged in the unfortunate anomaly of a medical suit in the Federal Court.

Canadians Air Their Problems

FOR THIRTEEN days—August 7 to 19—a group of Canadians has been holding sessions in Geneva Park, Lake Couchiching, Ontario, under the auspices of the Canadian Institute on Economics and Politics. Canadian finance, provincial-dominion rights, religious divisions in Canada, the French Canadian point of view, labor problems, agricultural problems, the problems of the west and those of the cooperative movement are some of the subjects which were given attention at round-table meetings and general conferences. Every one of these subjects is of immediate and consuming interest to our northern neighbors; every one of the problems involved will have to be solved by them in one way or another. The question of revising the British North America Act, which is Canada's Constitution, has reached a stalemate. The less prosperous and populated provinces, which have been so badly hit by the depression that they cannot undertake the social services which have become the order of the day, naturally wish to pass these on to the dominion government; the two rich provinces, which control dominion affairs, Quebec and Ontario, will have none of it. The antics of the Duplessis government in Quebec, especially with regard to its preposterous padlock law, are giving cause for alarm not only in Quebec but throughout the land. The question of whether labor shall have a free right to organize is of vital importance throughout the dominion. The two French spokesmen—Roger Ouimet and L. M. Gouin—made it very clear that they had no use for fascism in any form or for the actions of the Duplessis government with regard to questions of civil liberties. All in all the attitude of the conference has been intelligently self-critical; that it could have taken place is a good omen for the future of Canadian political life.

Logansport Intelligence

THOSE interested in the public ownership of utilities might well consider the municipal electric plant of Logansport, Indiana (population, 19,000). It has been in operation forty-five years. Its rates approximate those of contiguous private companies. Out of profits it has paid off all funded indebtedness. And last year's profits were sufficient to cover all the cost of municipal services. Logansport taxpayers this year will pay only the statutory minimum tax—$.04 per $100. From so limited and special a case no wide conclusion can be drawn, yet the facts are there, and they are worth something.

Correction for Professor Joad

IT IS sad there should so often be occasion to observe that, while men can do almost everything, they can be trusted with hardly anything. Perhaps, however, if the observation were kept strictly to those terms, the need for making it would cease. If, that is, we continued to agree that the trouble is the untrustworthiness of men, we might end by making them (including ourselves) more trustworthy. But we are always looking afield for the blame. Mrs. Shelley gave such a powerful bent to our imaginations in "Frankenstein" that we have been seeing monsters ever since. The machines had to be subdued in "Erewhon." They came alive and destroyed in "R.U.R." And unless the Associated Press has taken to writing fairy stories, Professor C. E. M. Joad, light of the University of London and one of the leaders of English thought, cherishes a subtle philosophical equivalent of this same fear. He has soberly suggested an empowering board to permit or veto inventions affecting human life. "The superman made the airplane but the ape has got hold of it," is his unflattering summary of the tendency of "modern man" to abuse those "powers fit for the gods" which "science has given us." We share Professor Joad's unhappiness at all this, but not (we think) his moral confusion. For there is no moral significance in invention, and no moral halo about the inventor. Nor does the fault lie with the putative "ape" who has inherited from this putative "superman." The fault lies with all who do not put first things first, including of course those who put second things first. In general, the fault lies with all of us. "Ape" and "superman" are one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Curriculum Controversy

By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

THE SHOT fired by President Hutchins of Chicago University and the accompanying discharge of Professor Foerster of Minnesota reverberated in educational circles. They provoked answering volleys and the fight was on. The *Harvard Educational Review* for October, 1937, presented in parallels the views of Professor Whitehead of Harvard and those of President Hutchins, found in the *Atlantic Monthly* of the preceding year. Professor Albert William Levi of Dartmouth was the reviewer, and likening Professor Whitehead to Plato and President Hutchins to Aristotle, he carried out the parallels in the approved style of Plutarch, Pope and Macaulay and other parallelers. Professor Levi tried to hold the balance true, but he was definitely for Professor Whitehead, and applied to President Hutchins the easy and opprobrious term, "medieval."

Professor Levi was however mild and reasonable when compared with Professor Malcolm MacLean's review in the same October number of a volume by Harry Gideonse, "The Higher Learning in a Democracy." Professor MacLean of Minnesota was with the author against President Hutchins, whom Professor Gideonse opposed. It is too bad that Professor MacLean resorted to question-begging epithets. Professor Hutchins was called "very medieval" and was advocating a "luxury-culture" system of education. The education which developed the powers of man fully, an education not possible in ancient Greece and Rome to those who were early compelled to earn a living, was styled a "luxury education," as if Plato and Aristotle were Sardanapalus and Archimedes a Damocles. Those Grecians had a liberal, energetic education, resembling the course proposed by President Hutchins. Leisure has always been required for education, as the word school denotes, and today in the increased leisure open to all by machinery and by short hours of labor, education for leisure is all important. Leisure however is not luxury. Nor is culture the adventitious rouge which modern education has foisted on the word. A cultured field is one that by the work of the farmer produces a harvest, and a cultured man is one whose powers have been perfected by work and prove their culture by their products.

Professor MacLean upheld Professor Gideonse with further opprobrious terminology. President Hutchins was a facist dictator; others were Russian Communists, while he with his author and Professor Dewey were democratic. A political orator on the eve of election might be pardoned such designations, but a more restrained diction should characterize the discussion of university professors.

In what now does this democratic education consist, an education which according to the Professor was to bring about "unity in general education"? Believe it or not, here is Professor MacLean's curriculum for unifying education: "Science principles for weather, automobiles, radio, television, next war and diseases; social principles of Supreme Court, crime, money, population trends; esthetic principles of streamlined planes and trains, lampshades and clothing." This curriculum is to prepare the student "to find a job, to sell bonds, write radio script, teach children—to help solve the conflict between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O.—to choose a girl to marry, bring up children, support a church, vote effectively, pick the best doctor for ills and evaluate motion pictures." How the nondescript curriculum is to effect all these happy results we are not told. The Professor has a trusting faith in the experimental psychologists and their "diagnostic research projects" and in a complete study of "contemporary society." "Then and only then" can we formulate our educational policy.

In *Books* for January 9, 1938, Ernest Sutherland Bates in a review of five books on education suggested a course still more vague than that of Professor MacLean. "The social sciences will supply the center for the reconstructed curriculum which all educators are beginning to recognize as a necessity. From this center radial lines will lead naturally to the vocational studies." President Hutchins and his followers have been scanning these projects and studies for a century past and have lost faith in the motley gospel of Professor MacLean, who insists on principles even for weather. President Hutchins however has been fairly asked to define the metaphysics which he would have taught in his ideal curriculum.

What then are the principles and what the philosophy which govern education and which should prescribe the proper studies to educate mankind and bring about unity in the multiple subjects of colleges? President Hutchins has wished to conclude liberal education at the present sophomore year, and in that he is harking back to the traditional system still in vogue for the most part in Europe. The six forms of intermediate education between the elementary and the professional school correspond roughly to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the four years of high school and the first two years of our colleges. After the necessary information in the grades to equip students for their environment comes this intermediate education.

The first principle of this intermediate education makes the individual the center and subject of training, prescinding from the multiplicity of life in whose many changes and callings no unity can possibly be found.

The second principle declares that man has powers of mind to train as he has powers of body to develop in health and powers of will to develop in character. Modern psychologists, rejecting the term, faculties, retain often the reality under a dozen different names and in a hundred different species. Traditional philosophy had three different powers, distinct but not separate, memory, will and understanding. These powers had no action apart from the individual, who thought with his mind as he saw with his eye. *Actiones sunt suppositorum,* persons do the acting, said philosophy.

A third principle supposes that these powers can be trained, as the powers of the body can be trained, and that the training is the forming of a habit. The transfer of training is then impossible, because a habit is a permanent perfection of the power in which it has been formed. Modern psychology, after denying that faculties exist, debated the question of transference of training between these non-existent faculties. The real question to be settled is how many powers does man make use of in one act, all of which powers receive training in proportion as they enter into the act, though all the energy of act may not be converted into habit, depending upon the conditions of attention, applications and the internal disposition of the powers. You train what you train, but how many elements enter into one human act and receive some training? Who knows?

A fourth principle concludes that whatever action will set into operation the most of man's distinctive powers will be the best action to train and educate man, giving to all his powers culture in its true sense as bodily exercise gives culture of the body.

A fifth principle of education states that in literature are found more of man's powers than in any other subject. Literature proceeds from man and every effect found in it has a cause in man. In literature you have truth, goodness and beauty, the harmony of music in language, the molding of sculpture in composition and the visions of painting in thoughts.

A sixth principle of education demands that the student must not only have knowledge of literature and of its contents but must himself produce literature. He must be an artist, not a scientist of letters. Erudition may inform the student, but only his own work will form him, that is, train and educate him, ensuring that he has clear apprehension, right judgment, correct taste, logical reasoning, good principles, beautiful visions and diction, such as the best literature has. Now the classic literatures of Greece and Rome are admittedly excellent literature, and the centuries have made them suitable for class study and for rivaling, and with the classics of his own language they will be the leading educator of the student.

Finally, for the subjects of his own literature the student will have his own life experiences, including every other subject that he may take for subordinate study. He may even write and speak on the miscellaneous topics proposed by Professor MacLean, always remembering that it is better for him in the uncertainty of the future to have trained powers than an undigested mass of information, which he cannot manipulate in writing or speaking and which is almost as varied and changeable as the daily press.

Is there now any principle by which the educator may select from life and experimental science the proper instruments for training the individual's powers? One such principle may be mentioned for science. Years ago Professor Remsen placed the education of chemistry in the processes which the student had to go through, processes which would impress a training, even if fancied facts and hypotheses proved false. Literature, as the creation of man, invokes more human processes than any other subject, but in mathematics, in philosophy, in history and in experimental sciences some of these human processes are more explicitly trained than in composition. Mathematics for example calls for student activity in a cold logic, not immediately evident in most forms of literature. Unhappily for education, mathematics is disappearing from schools through the fad of socialization, through the sense attraction of machinery and through the curiosity for the latest discoveries.

The solution of the curriculum problem for secondary education is not to be found in trade, in science, in environment, but in a study of human powers and in the choice of fit instruments to exercise those powers.

Rosary

My fingers twirl these spiraled stairs
That climb some supernatural dawn,
Sift into light the sequent prayers,
In Gothic silence gone,

Dropped past the out-candled sun
Deciduous as leaves, as starry
Flowers unpetaled one and one
Into the hands of Mary.

ROSAMOND HAAS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Glastonbury and the Holy Grail

By SISTER JULIE

THERE are some words which make music in the mind as well as in the ear. The "Holy Grail," for instance, like horns of elfland faintly blowing, stirs the memoried music of grand old stories of knights in shining armor riding out to right wrongs and to seek the sweet vision of the Holy Grail. For English ears, the memory inevitably reverberates "Glastonbury," ever since Tennyson, wizard of word music, played a new sonata on the medieval theme of the Holy Grail and Glastonbury:

> . . . where the winter thorn
> Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord . . . .
>
> From our old books I know
> That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury.

The present Abbot of Downside, the great Benedictine abbey in Somerset, is titular Abbot of Glastonbury, where now no abbey is, but only memories. Glastonbury at present is a town of about four thousand inhabitants. It has grown up around the ruins of the abbey which was once the most famous monastic institution in England. It is a dreary little place, even though it lies in the Vale of Avalon, with nothing of the mellowed charm of those old towns which the guide books call "unspoiled," built of grey stone, neatly and compactly, with trim gardens, neat thatched roofs, winding, tree-bordered streets and lanes. Glastonbury, a straggling town of red brick, is probably entirely supported by tourist interest in the abbey ruins, and bears the stamp of something not quite authentic.

The incongruity which seems to be the keynote of many English shrines is nowhere more striking than here, where ruined arches and transepts, the crumbling walls and fragmentary chancel of a once beautiful church, are kept up better than the buildings which house Christ's Mystical Body. There is a Catholic church in Glastonbury; it is the convent chapel of exiled French religious offered a refuge by the Catholic hierarchy who desired to have a sanctuary in this memorable place. The Sisters have generously allowed their chapel to serve as the parish church. The poor little building, formerly one of the stables of the abbey, makes a striking contrast to the picturesque ruins which it faces. The nuns by dint of tireless labor maintain a comfortable home for about one hundred orphan children.

And this is Glastonbury, oldest ecclesiastical foundation in England, its history older than that of England herself; for before King Ine laid the foundations of a monastery there in the seventh century, Glastonbury had had a Christian church for centuries, established, according to legend by Joseph of Arimathea, who had brought thither the Holy Grail, the cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper.

> And there awhile it bode; and if a man
> Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,
> By faith, of all his ills.

Joseph built a small wattled church and there had been Christians to worship in it throughout the century which intervened before the next Roman missionaries came, sent by Pope Eleutherius, twelfth successor of Saint Peter. There is no place in England like Glastonbury.

All the notables were there once, it seems. Saint Patrick is supposed to have taught the hermits he found at Glastonbury the cenobitic life he had observed on the Continent; he is supposed to have become Abbot and to have either died there or been buried there. It is curious that the only altar which is intact among the abbey buildings is one in the chapel dedicated to Saint Patrick, still used by the inhabitants of the almshouses, built by the monks outside the abbey enclosure, and taken over by the crown at the Dissolution.

The legends of Saint Joseph and Saint Patrick at Glastonbury rest on slight grounds, of course, almost on no ground at all, but their existence is a fact and seems to prove something. They grew up in the Middle Ages, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, as did other wonderful stories about Glastonbury, which was at that time a flourishing Benedictine abbey. It was in these centuries that Glastonbury was identified with the Celtic bourne of the departed, when it was called the Isle of Glast, or Isle of Avallac, perhaps after Celtic gods, and that it why the twelfth century romanticists recorded that Arthur, the great King of the Britons, was borne to the Isle of Avalon.

It occurred to Henry II, in the twelfth century, that if Glastonbury were really the Vale of Avalon whither the ancient accounts of Arthur recorded that he was borne to be healed of his wounds, possibly his tomb must be there, and so the Abbot was requested to institute a search for it. In 1191 Arthur's body with that of his Queen was found in a tomb covered by a stone slab, to which was affixed a leaden cross bearing the inscription: "Hic jacet sepultus inclitus rex Arturius in insula Avallonia." As late as the second half of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eighteenth century, a Mr. Chancellor Hughes of Wells claimed to be the possessor of this cross.

Walking to the near-by town of Street one April day, in the hope of finding in the public library there an encyclopedia which would give us some information about fleas (I regret to say), we passed over a tiny bridge which bore the noble inscription, "Pons Perilous, where Excalibur was thrown into the Mere." "The Mere" had dwindled into a pitiful little stream of water called the River Brue, which looked to us like a miniature canal. Ah, the vanished glory, we sighed. But one does not remain saddened for long in Somersetshire with its infinitely peaceful meadows, sheep and lambs, green hills where yellow primroses are growing. Infinite peace and serenity. From Wearyall Hill one thinks that there is nothing but peace in the world, nothing but hills, richly green, and valleys of emerald, where fat sheep watch with impassive gaze their grotesque lambs. There are no farms, it seems, no offending activity, no smoke, but only hills, vales and little villages of grey stone huddled in the midst of them. The mind travels far from Arthurian legend even when one has just walked over Pons Perilous where Excalibur was thrown into the Mere.

It was on Wearyall Hill that Joseph of Arimathea planted his staff, which blossomed into the Glastonbury thorn, a strange species of hawthorn which blooms at Christmastide as well as in May with the other hawthorns. From the original tree on Wearyall, other hawthorns have been cultivated in Glastonbury, all bearing this marvellous trait of a Christmas blossoming. It is explained by painstaking scholars that the thorns are not indigenous to England and that perhaps they were brought by returning Crusaders to Glastonbury, where, being hardy, they have kept the blossoming time of their native oriental land. Descendants of the Glastonbury Thorn may be found today in various parts of the world. In 1900 a shoot was planted in Washington, D. C., and, at least as late as 1919, the spectacular winter blooms were the delight of those who knew the lovely story of the Glastonbury Thorn.

The legend of the association of the Grail with Glastonbury has never received any sanction of the Church. It is a tradition kept alive by literature rather than by devotion, a tradition which has greatly enriched English literature. Tennyson's description of the appearance of the Grail at Camelot is unforgettable.

> And in the blast there smote along the hall
> A beam of light seven times more clear than day;
> And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
> All over covered with a luminous cloud,
> And none might see who bare it, and it past.
> But every knight beheld his fellow's face
> As in a glory. . . .

There are memories of the tradition still alive in Glastonbury. Chickwell Street is undoubtedly a horrible corruption of the beautiful name Chalice Well Street, leading to a well which still gives water, called Chalice Well because of the tradition that Joseph of Arimathea once hid the Holy Grail in it, since which time the waters are blood-colored. They do leave a reddish tinge on the stones they touch. Chalice Well has never been a shrine, although quite late in the eighteenth century there was a reputed miraculous cure which created a small stir in Somerset. The property which includes the well was recently the possession of an Irish missionary society who built a school there. The building is still new, but it has been abandoned. Only ruins can live in Glastonbury, it seems.

Whatever legends are mingled with the history of the great Benedictine Abbey at Glastonbury, it was, in the centuries between the twelfth and the sixteenth, a monastery of great learning, prestige and piety, magnificently endowed with splendid buildings, great leaders and devout brethren.

At the Dissolution, its Abbot, Richard Whiting, was summoned to London for examination and confined to the Tower, while the agents of the King proceeded to rob the abbey. After some months the Abbot was sent back to Wells, not for trial, but to hear sentence of death passed upon him. The abbey was already ruined, the monks had been scattered. The Abbot and two members of the community were drawn on hurdles to the top of the Tor, the high hill which is a landmark on Somersetshire, near the base of which is Chalice Well. There he was martyred, hanged as a traitor with his brethren, and his body was afterward mutilated, his head being set upon the gateway of his ruined abbey. "A darker passage does not occur in the annals of the Reformation," says the "Encylopaedia Britannica," "than this murder of an able and high-spirited man whose worst offense was that he defended as best he could from the hand of the spoiler the property in his charge."

The martyr-Benedictines are revered in Easter week when a procession of the faithful walks devoutly from the Catholic church to the summit of the Tor. There is a curious Gothic tower on the conical top of this hill, a very striking feature of the landscape; yet no one in Glastonbury could give us any information about it. It should be the martyrs' monument, but one is sure that it is not, for it is older than the time which has made possible the veneration of Catholic martyrs.

Glastonbury today is in ruins. The abbey buildings and lands, gradually falling into decay, passed through a succession of owners until in 1908 they were bought by the Anglican Church, which has set aside a fund to preserve the pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cincts and the ruins. Fragmentary grey walls rise from a perfectly level, richly green lawn, and there are yellow flowers blooming in the chinks of the stones. The ruins are well kept, these most famous ruins in England, visited by a continuous stream of pilgrims. We were the unique pilgrims for we stayed six weeks. Hardly anyone stays more than a few hours. They come to see the most picturesque ruins in England, ruins whose loveliness is depressing to the Catholic because they seem to symbolize the condition of the Church in Glastonbury, once so glorious, where now there are only a few Catholic families.

But the beauty of these ruins is not meaningless. Glastonbury is a deathless symbol of the spiritual life. The Abbot of Downside is still titular Abbot of Glastonbury. The same reality that made Glastonbury glorious in a past age, the reality of the Christian faith, which reared splendid temples of stone to the greater honor and glory of God, still, in the same place, builds lovely temples of the spirit. Humble nuns, instead of learned monks, carry on the King's work in that historic sanctuary of His worship. It was the duty of one of them who was a friend of ours to make the rounds of Glastonbury with a little boy and a small delivery wagon distributing laundry. Orphan children instead of the famous sons of Saint Benedict form His court there. We went to Mass on Easter Sunday with a congregation of about fifty souls besides the children, in the little stable-chapel of the convent, instead of in the monks' glorious Gothic church. The children sang the Missa de Angelis and the priest was grimly determined to pay no attention to them. Yet Mass was the same wonderful reality we had known in our own convent chapel, and in the great basilicas of Rome. One of the smallest children, Rose, aged three, was present at Mass, very pretty in an Easter gown of blue velvet, and very happy singing with the rest. She told us she had prayed for us.

The glory of Glastonbury has not passed. The Grail is there. Even Rosie had seen it.

Dr. Lawrence F. Flick

By JAMES J. WALSH

WITH the death of Dr. Flick in Philadelphia the medical profession of this country lost from its ranks a physician who by his labors saved more lives and suffering, very probably, than any other in this generation. His work was done in tuberculosis with marvelous success. When he began his labors, tuberculosis was called frankly the white plague because it carried off more victims than any other disease afflicting mankind at that time. The worst of it was that it attacked by preference those in adolescence and early adult life.

Dr. Flick himself developed the disease at the age of about twenty and in the course of some months was given up as a hopeless case. He survived the unfavorable prognosis and died at the age of eighty-one, having outlived all the doctors who declared that it was impossible for him to remain alive more than a few years. Refusing absolutely to be discouraged, he had succeeded literally in working himself back to health.

Like so many others at that time young Flick went to California thinking that salubrious climate alone might suffice for his cure. When the doctors pronounced him incurable, he arranged for himself a schedule of outdoor life combined with very simple but abundant nutritious food, and in the course of a year succeeded in gaining some fifty pounds. He then came back to the East to take up seriously the study of tuberculosis. He used to say in after life that "tuberculosis takes only the quitters," those who get so discouraged in the midst of their affection that they actually do not leave themselves enough energy to fight their disease successfully. Anyone who knew Dr. Flick's personality would realize that he could not easily be defeated.

When he took up his study of tuberculosis, he devoted himself particularly to the question of heredity, and this proved to be a master key to the solution of the tuberculosis problem. In the midst of his work in some of the poorer districts of Philadelphia, he found that tuberculosis was a house disease. Philadelphia has more small homes than any other city in the country, and the story of the disease in these homes is extremely interesting. A family in one of these small homes would lose a member, or perhaps two or three, by tuberculosis. For one reason or another that family would move out and another family would move into the premises. As Dr. Flick's carefully made records demonstrated, almost inevitably there would occur one or more deaths from tuberculosis in this family. A similar succession of events occurred in a large number of houses. Statistics made it clear that the real focus of the disease was the home. The disease was infectious and passed on from one family to another.

Up to this time the general persuasion had been that tuberculosis was hereditary. The evidence seemed to be overwhelming. In certain families one member after another would fall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

victim to the disease, and in family plots in village graveyards everywhere grave stone after grave stone would indicate the death of adolescents or young adults from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, who had developed the disease and were carried off by it. Only heredity seemed to account for the records writ on stone.

Dr. Flick's records showed that instead of being inherited, consumption was contagious only to a moderate degree, and it was the contagion of the affection that carried off so many in a family when one or more members became afflicted. In spite of the fact that only a few years before Dr. Robert Koch, a distinguished German bacteriologist who was only a country doctor, had demonstrated the tubercle bacillus to be the cause of the disease, most physicians accepted heredity as the most important element for the spread of tuberculosis. Indeed a number of rather distinguished physicians did not hesitate to say that Koch's endeavor to present evidence of the tubercle bacillus as the cause of disease only served to show that the whole theory of the microbic causation of the disease was an egregious blunder. Certain appearances in his specimens under the microscope, which Dr. Koch had taken to be the microbes causative of the disease, really represented only artefacts produced by the manipulation of the material under investigation. Koch's supposed discovery, then, according to these physicians, gave a black eye to the microbic theory.

In the midst of this confusion of ideas, Dr. Flick was prompted to present to the College of Physicians his evidence with regard to the diffusion of tuberculosis through the houses that people lived in. The College of Physicians is the most representative body of medical men in Philadelphia. Dr. Flick presented his paper with the very definite practical purpose—he was never anything but practical—of having the medical profession set itself on record with regard to the contagious character of tuberculosis, so that it might be made a reportable disease and come under the authority of the Board of Health. Houses in which death had occurred would then be carefully disinfected before further residence was permitted, so as to prevent spread of the disease.

The paper naturally attracted a great deal of attention but the resolution to make tuberculosis a reportable disease was voted down because the older members of the College were not as yet prepared to think of tuberculosis as contagious. As has so often been true in the history of medicine the young man was right and the older men were wrong.

In order to further his purpose of tuberculosis prevention, Dr. Flick became one of the founders of the Philadelphia Free Hospital for Poor Consumptives. This hospital took tuberculous patients out of the home where they were a constant source of possible infection and provided them with the best chance for successful treatment of their affection. Dr. Flick's method was imitated by many others all over the country. It was this taking of tuberculous patients out of the home that did more than anything else to lessen the ravages of the disease, and that has gradually brought us to the very happy condition in which we see tuberculosis dwindling, until now it is far down in the mortality lists. This constitutes one of the greatest triumphs of preventive medicine of our generation. The children of families in which patients with tuberculosis are found are no longer subjected to the serious menace of tuberculous contagion, and the disease does not spread to others as it did a generation ago.

All his life Dr. Flick was devoted to the crusade for the conquest of tuberculosis. In the course of it he succeeded in organizing the meeting of the International Congress on Tuberculosis in this country some thirty years ago. In spite of his devotion to this magnificent purpose, he found time to accomplish excellent results in other fields. He was profoundly interested in the history of the Catholic Church in America. He was among the founders and for several years president of the American Catholic istorical Society. He was a prime factor in the collection of a large number of books for the society's library. He helped to found a residence for the housing of these books and this tempted a great many people to preserve historical documents.

He eminently deserved the honors which came to him as the result of his successful work in connection with this phase of Catholic action. Many distinctions were conferred on him during his lifetime. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Catholic University as well as from St. Vincent's College, his alma mater, from Villanova, and from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, his medical alma mater. And amid the rejoicing of his friends who knew how well he deserved it, he received from Notre Dame University the Laetare Medal which is conferred only for notable work done in the cause of Catholicity. In 1933 he was awarded the Strittmatter Medal by the Philadelphia County Medical Society which is the highest honor conferred by his medical colleagues.

A Hackberry Tree

A grey-haired traveler with pimpled skin
Tanned in the suns of spring and summer skies,
With warts upon his fingers, gnarled and thin,
Fatigued from walking, shuts his wearied eyes,
Leans up against a balmy southern breeze,
Breathes deeply, yawns, too tired to utter words,
But rests with wrinkled chin upon his knees,
And scatters berries for the winter birds.

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Aspect of French Poetry

By ANTHONY MORGAN

AT his native Orthez in the Pyrenees, after his conversion, Francis Jammes, looking in peace upon a new world, never forgot in his morning prayers the suffering, uprooted poets whom he had left in Paris—those outmoded but tenacious symbolists in sterile and agonized introspection, fashionable surrealists composing in common their "Essay at Simulation of Acute Madness," tentative communists and fascists who mistook in Marx and Gentile a satisfaction for their natural, their peculiarly French "hunger for an absolute."

A serene return to the Faith is common among French poets. Their curiosity, their sensitiveness to new ideas, their search for originality, their acute and naturally Gallic powers of observation and criticism, take them abroad philosophically. But, just as any Frenchman away from France is as nostalgic and impatient as du Bellay to return "vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge"; so the French poet, deprived of the comprehensive guide and comfort of an absolute and under the stress of war, economic crises, political confusion or personal doubt, is indeed *dépaysé,* uncountried, morally, spiritually and artistically, and is never again entirely at peace with himself or the world unless by some means ultimately he returns to the Church.

For after so many centuries of Roman and Catholic influence, the French mind requires order, peace and certainty. It is a mind that has remained amazingly unchanged through the most trying ordeals—revolutions, bitter Voltaireism, expulsion of the Jesuits, scientism, socialism, communism—all manifestations of the critical spirit set in motion for the most part by powerful economic forces. When it has yielded most, it has been most unhappy, most remorseful. After the first revolution, France was glad, under Napoleon, to put primary education exclusively in the hands of the Church; and today it is regretting the republican fervor, which, in breaking down class barriers in higher education, has resulted, not in the equality of classes, but in class war, not in the rise of a fortunate internationalism, but in a dangerously weakened nationalism. After the excesses, the caprices, the negations, the violences, the experiments of its critical spirit, the French mind inclines to conservatism, to order, peace, light, which are the natural gifts of the Church.

From about the middle of the nineteenth century, French poetry reflects the history of these spiritual disorders and of the renewal of the Catholic attitude. The end of classicism and romanticism, the beginnings and florescence of symbolism were almost coincident with the most flamboyant claims of scientism and the establishment of large industrial centers, the beginning of the great geographical and moral uprooting of the French rural population, the popularity of positivism and freemasonry, the growth of state interference in family life and education. It was the natural moment for "a transvaluation of values." Disturbed and unsettled by the enormous physical changes introduced by the machine, and cut off by migration to cities from close contact with the Church, and the *pays,* the sources of its spiritual strength and balance, the French mind wavered, was confused by the extent of scientific achievement and promise, was inclined with varying degrees of faith to Voltaireism, and was flattered by the thesis that if man did not know and control all the forces of nature, by his own power he ultimately would be able to do so.

If this was the hour of the greatest triumph for scientism, it was also the time of the most profound anguish for the poets. Having relinquished their ancient faith, they soon found conflicting scientific principles insufficient and unstable substitutes. Since the emphasis in all the claims of science had fallen upon man, man became the object of their concentrated examination and hope. They had before them the brilliant individualism of Stendhal and the violent but cunning affirmations of Nietzsche, the naturism and emotionalism of Rousseau. But they found that science, which they were so assiduously cultivating, had cut off this self from all survival of any sort. Science had wiped out the other world.

In repudiating science, they fell back upon the security of their own minds and emotions and began a long period of self-examination. The more they gnawed inward, the less they found. The less they found, the more they agonized. The furthest they penetrated was to the introspective abyss, the celebrated *abîme* of so many poems of the time, which was the limit at which they either went mad or committed suicide.

Perhaps Jules Laforgue is the most perfect victim of this time. In the twenty-seven years of his life, he practically wept himself to death because man was so small an item in the universe; because all the philosophies he had tried still left him hungry for knowledge of the "unknowable"; because, without faith and the love of God, he could no longer understand or love man, and because there was no longer any certainty but annihilation. Albert Samain squirmed in a morass of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self-distrust, consoling himself in languorous searches for *nouveaux frissons*. Lautréamont burned himself out in tortured and horrendous fantasies, in hysterical and enormous blasphemies. Valéry Larbaud sought in the noise and movement of machinery his "inexpresssible life," a child-life which desired nothing except "to hope eternally for vague things." George Rodenbach's soul was filled with "languorous desires never satisfied." These men were simply hungry for an absolute, the peace of faith, the faith which was in their blood but which they had forgotten. Fernand Gregh wrote then: "My Lord, once on a time so clear and now so far." They thought, after a while, that God had abandoned them and not the other way around. Mallarmé wrote with considerable art and unction that he was a white swan frozen fast in earth's sterile snow under the absolute's vacant, unfeeling and aloof azure.

After these inanities, the search for something more substantial became imperative. The moment for *programmes* arrived. Everyone formed a "School" or joined one. Moréas dedicated himself to philological acrobatics, Paul Fort to folk poetry. Jules Romains wrote: "And now let us haste, I hunger not for thought: thought and ideals betray; I want a being." Valéry Larbaud's Humanism was pitched on a higher scale than Romains's Unamism, much higher than Verhaeren's cult of the Banks and Industry and the Revolution, in Victor Hugo's sense of the word.

But the return to the religious principle had begun some time before the deluge of programs. Stanislaus Fumet points out that Baudelaire, sick of the arrogance of the new bourgeois, the Babbittry of France, of whom "Joseph Prudhomme" is the stock figure ("C'est mon opinion et je la partage"), flaunted evil as an artist wears a loud neck-tie or a broad hat: to annoy the bourgeois. He hated and renounced the life around him; but, having been deprived of faith, he had no refuge except in "beauty and evil." The degree to which he gave himself up to the evil which he hated shows the depth of his despair: "Oh, Lord!", he wrote, "give me the strength and courage to contemplate my flesh and heart without disgust." The unquenchable unhappiness of Baudelaire was the absence of God.

It has been assumed by Fumet that Baudelaire's despair with reality, his incomplete return to the Church, had a heavy influence upon the growing Catholic renewal. In any case, it is certain that Joseph de Maistre had already laid the groundwork. Tolstoy, Dostoievsky and Wagner, through "Parsifal," had contributed inescapable affirmations of the Christian spirit. Léon Bloy, looking upon the mess of science and symbolism, had cried out that it must be a choice between "Catholicism or the bomb," and threw all his strength into Catholic Action.

But it is my opinion that even without the very praiseworthy work of Catholic Action, Rimbaud, after his season in hell, would have returned to the Church in that hospital at Marseilles; that Tristan Corbière, poor "accursed poet," "mélange adultère de tout," would have found peace at last with his God; that Germain Nouveau, half-mad from self-mockery, would have found his way along with Charles Guérin and the rest.

For, after all, they could not entirely get away from what was already in them. Their peace had left them in proportion as they had left the Church. The road was there by which they had departed. It was imperative, if not always simple, to return by it. The French mind needs the Absolute, the delight and the relief of complete faith. Otherwise it suffers.

Today symbolism is outmoded and repudiated. There are a few symbolists, that is to say, stubborn, unhappy introspectionists. Their names do not cross the Atlantic. Among the exceptions, Paul Valéry is a symbolist in the tradition of Mallarmé, and like him, he is a swan frozen in the snow contemplating the distant and cold azure of the absolute. But, unlike Mallarmé, Valéry is seeking an absolute which will resolve utterly for him the problems of time, space, motion and being. Perhaps he will find satisfaction in Zeno of Eleas, upon whom he relies to a great extent in one of his best-known poems, "Cimitière Marin." In any case, he is in hungry search for a solution and it is quite probable that he too may return to the inevitable One.

André Gide is also famished. After fluctuating as a symbolist, a defender of deracinism against Barrès, as a protagonist of the "gratuitous act," for a while, he found Marxism sufficient to his needs. But in the beginning, Gide was a Protestant. His life in his autobiography "Si le grain ne meurt," indicates him as a person of rather calculating and cool temper. I do not believe that he was ever as much off balance as Laforgue or that he ever suffered as much as Guérin. But he was none the less rootless after his fling with scepticism and tried to come to rest in Marx. Now his present disgust with communism leaves him again without moorings. In spite of his early Protestantism, he is still a Frenchman and in search of an absolute.

The surrealists, though they are avowedly "social" and "in service of the revolution," are, in effect, symbolists who, according to André Breton's preface in "Ralentir Travaux," believe that "poetry must run its course like the Tarn." Their "simulations of insanity," their solemn nastiness are simply further efforts to mystify the bourgeois: defense mechanisms, as the glib psychologist says, weapons against a world they cannot integrate and understand for lack of a faith which clarifies and brings peace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AS THE huge German war machine created to serve the will of the Nazi masters of Central Europe swings into action, in spite of all the reasons for believing that no immediate threat of aggression is intended, it is inevitable that the state of public alarm, which was brought about by the flood of rumors from many points in Europe that another great Nazi coup was impending, is not likely to abate. In these circumstances, we ought to be grateful to that exceedingly well-informed and well-balanced writer on international affairs, Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, for supplying us with cogent reasons for hoping that underneath the surface of the ominous European situation there is a current at work which tends toward peace rather than war, conciliation rather than increased controversy, and which should play a mighty part in bringing about a new era of common sense among nations and their rulers. It is indeed certain of doing so, provided that no mad act or fateful accident supervenes to explode the destructive elements provided by the insanely over-balanced armaments race, and the clash of violent policies dictated by the ambitions of the rulers of the despotic states and their incensed and bewildered opponents. It is perhaps a slender hope that is presented by the views expressed by Mrs. McCormick, yet it has real strength, and its power is certain to grow, and may, if time be gained for it to spread further and deeper, yet prove itself more potent than the spirit of war which at present seems almost visibly brooding over Europe.

The hope presented by Mrs. McCormick is symbolized in the phrase, "the third Europe," which, so she tells us, "is creeping into the news often enough to catch the attention of those straining to hear the undertones in the present tumult." By "the third Europe" is meant the Europe of the many small border states, and scattered nations, mostly created, or at least given a new and precarious lease of independent existence, by the results of the World War. These states are now doing their best to remain neutral in the event of war, and to unite their forces, meanwhile, in diplomacy and public opinion, to preserve European peace, and thus find time and opportunity to cultivate a spirit of mutual understanding and international cooperation, in economics as well as in politics, in place of the prevailing spirit of irreconcilable power politics.

This "third Europe" is as yet a vague thing. As Mrs. McCormick explains — and probably no other writer for the English-language press exceeds her in knowledge and competence in the world of secular world affairs—it hardly exists, in tangible form, as yet, "except as a line of policy . . . a line toward which the small nations gravitate and on which they may combine," and yet in doing so, "it represents a new 'front' that cannot be ignored, a revolt against power politics which the great powers, as a matter of fact, don't ignore. The influence of the 'neutral blocs' is no longer negligible in the most superior Foreign Offices."

The Scandinavian nations, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and many of the Balkan and middle Europe nations, belong, in greater or lesser degree, to this formation of would-be neutral, and peace-seeking, peoples. They are doing all they possibly can to avoid further entanglement with, or subservience to, the great powers of Europe, whether these are of the new totalitarian kind, like Germany, Russia or Italy, or of the (so-called) great democracies, Great Britain and France. All of the states included in what is meant by the phrase, "the third Europe," seek above all things at present to preserve neutrality in the event of war, for their leaders realize that actual war would in all human probability annihilate them all. But if war should come before their union is well advanced, they would be swept into the maelstrom.

Mrs. McCormick says that she first heard the phrase, "the third Europe," during the crisis in the Saar. It cropped up again during the Ethiopian struggle. Last years it began to appear in the Polish press, and then spread into Holland, Scandinavia, Switzerland and elsewhere.

For what my testimony may be worth, I might add that I, too, while traveling in Europe in 1933 was informed by several highly competent authorities that in opposition to what might be termed the "Brown" and the "Red" revolutions that were convulsing Europe, and spreading their contagions throughout the rest of the world, there was what might be termed a "Green" revolution. By this was meant the influence of peasant nations, and of the peasant populations even in such countries as Germany and Italy. These many millions of farming people, and of the classes associated with agriculture rather than mass industry, which dominate the policies of many small European nations, and have great influence in France, and even in Germany, are becoming aware of their common interests, and are finding means to cooperate across frontiers and in spite of all the restrictions imposed by dictatorial government. I was inclined when I heard these views to consider them the expression of wishful thinking, rather than factual reports of practical issues; but events since that time have shown that there is reality in the hope, and not merely a dream.

Communications

"POSITIVE IMPARTIALITY"

Regina, Sask.

TO the Editor: I notice that in the August 1 issue of *Social Justice* is published an attack and condemnation of your periodical on account of your stand concerning the Spanish issue.

I hasten to commend you for your stand and would like to give my reasons for doing so. In St. Matthew, xxvi, 52, I read: "Then Jesus saith to him: 'Put up again thy sword into its place; for all that take the sword shall perish by the sword.'" Verse 53: "Thinkest thou that I cannot ask My Father, and he will give me presently more than twelve legions of angels?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This was the rebuke given to Peter, first Pope of the Holy Catholic Church, when he was defending Christ's liberty and life from His attackers. As Catholics we are taught that we must endeavor to follow the example of Christ. But when General Franco defends the liberty of a part of the Mystical Body of Christ, with guns and bombs, etc., we are not given the same answer in the publication bearing the name of one of Christ's priests, but we are told to cheer and take the side of him who does the same as Saint Peter did when Christ rebuked him.

Did the martyrs in the early centuries ever try to defend themselves with the sword, and thereby reduce the amount of suffering to be borne for Christ? And did their suffering not produce abundant fruit? Then, why should the nation picked and chosen and privileged to supply the much-needed blood of martyrs as new seed for a more fervent spirit of Christianity, by force of weapons try to diminish the quantity considered necessary by God who still has His twelve legions as well as other more peaceful means of enforcing His will?

The Gospels are quite explicit on this point and apply to nations as well as to individuals. It is about time that Catholics lead in impartiality and judge friends and foes with equal charity and justice. After all is said and done, an injustice whether big or small is and stays an injustice whether committed by Mussolini, Stalin, Franco, communist, bishop, priest or layman, and should not be considered an injustice in the case of one, and perfectly all right in the case of the other.

And none of the communists (and how many are sick members with us in the Mystical Body of Christ, and have been baptized like us) will change ideas if we shoot them. They have been made sick by false teachings and can only be won back by good teaching, in which example is ever more powerful than the word. Therefore, condemnation by all the Catholic papers of the communists is not helping the Church in its task of winning them back. But thoroughly instructed workers can accomplish a great deal in bringing them back by meeting them and proving that the Catholic teaching is better, in spiritual as well as in temporal things, than their pagan doctrines. This is the method used by the enemy to draw our Catholics away.

Your publication can very well stand a comparison with *Social Justice* in teaching. *Social Justice* does not even follow what it teaches. Here is an example. Hilaire Belloc in one of his articles in that periodical mentions that before the Reformation people did not think in money but in goods. Does *Social Justice* teach us how to think in goods? Just the contrary, it pounds and stumps for money and endeavors to teach us all about money. It even has a special book concerning money. And did you ever read anywhere that Christ taught us the importance of money? And all the terrible stories about exploitation by the bankers can only create hate for the bankers and more especially for the houses mentioned, which can only be considered the seed which sometime will produce the whirlwind that the publication in question will be unable to control.

The difference is simply charity. The bankers have followed the teachings imparted to them and can only be changed by our supplying them with better principles supported by example.

F. DE BOTH.

HOME-FARM MACHINES

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editors: Might I offer some suggestions about tanning down on the farm, for Mr. Tetlow and your reviewer, in THE COMMONWEAL of July 1.

A rotary churn would make an admirable vat, especially if one had power. You could get formulae from any standard work on tanning; Fleming's "Practical Tanning" is in many libraries. Even if oak or hemlock bark is available, they had better try chrome alum or formaldehyde.

There is one pitfall for the amateur. The books will tell you to remove all flesh. Many think this means the meat or muscle, and of course this must go; but flesh is tanner's argot for a membrane just under the skin separating it from the bones and muscle. This membrane is impervious to water, and must be removed so that the tanning solutions can act on the pelt.

A fleshing knife can be had at any tanner's supply shop. Better salt the calfskin and experiment with a smaller animal, say a rabbit. If his temper is mild he'll finish the fleshing in a couple of days, if not he'll finish the pelt in a couple of minutes. It is a trade, an acquired skill. Your pelt may be tanned either with or without the hair. It makes little difference.

Now while his churn is revolving, he might try this. For any comely lass of the vicinity, let him buy a couple of yards of cloth and a pattern, sharpen his scissors, thread his needle, weight his plumb line, and adjust his theodolite to hindsight and foresight. Let him cut out the cloth, sew it together, and admire for a while. Then if he can induce the lass to wear the dress, he may have some hope of a pair of slippers from his leather. Down on the farm.

"Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi."

Oh! zephyrs from the hills of Mantua.

THOMAS E. MCDERMOTT.

PROLETARIAN CATHOLICISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I am cheered to find a point of view as expressed in the article "Proletarian Catholicism" in the August 19 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. For some years I have viewed society as tending toward increased proletarian influence. The Church must learn to understand this new labor influence and work intelligently with it. Otherwise, the field is deserted to neopaganism and to forces inimical to Catholic principles.

It takes fresh thinking on current social questions and courage to face and condemn the forces of privilege and greed. The Stanley James article makes clear that there are within the Church some people who are aware of this and who are ready to assume the obligation. May their tribe increase.

JOHN BROPHY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Screen

What! No Cake?

NORMA SHEARER'S Marie Antoinette is not the "Let 'em eat cake" conception we derived from our school books. Based in part on the book by Stefan Zweig, "Marie Antoinette" in the films is most sympathetic, and is not meant to be an historic study of the queen or her times. Effort is made to exculpate Marie even before she adopts pleasure as a shield against loneliness and disillusion; and you feel kindly toward her from the time the young Austrian princess is told by her mama that she must be a good wife and a good queen to the future Louis XVI of France, through that pathetic first night with her dullard husband, through her scenes of gaiety and abandon, through her battles with Du Barry and through her difficult queenhood that led to the guillotine. If Norma Shearer is lovely as the princess, and there can be no doubt of it, she is even more beautiful as the queen-mother who suffers in prison when her husband and children are torn from her.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were not sparing with big names in the casting of this picture: John Barrymore, Gladys George, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry Stephenson, Anita Louise, Reginald Gardiner. But the performance that stands out as by far the best is Robert Morley's as thick-witted, droopy-lipped Louis XVI. He brings to the part a sense of reality that forces one to understand the tragedy that befell him and his family. Mr. Morley and Miss Shearer really seem, as the deluge comes closer, like pathetic little people overcome with a big task. The weakness of the film is the love story that's thrown in: Marie's affair with the Swedish Count De Fersen. Tyrone Power is convincing enough as the nobleman who chivalrously falls in love with the Queen; however Miss Shearer forgets that she is no longer Juliet; and somehow these extra love scenes detract from the main theme. Don't be discouraged by the slow-moving first half of this super-colossal Hollywood production. Excitement comes when the Revolution starts.

For those film-goers who find the exigencies of eighteenth-century France too much of a strain in this hot weather, there are two new comedies that bear watching with relaxation. In "Give Me a Sailor," Martha Raye wins a beauty contest, acquires the name of "Legs Larkin," and finally gets a proposal from Jack Whiting. She then realizes that she really loves Bob. The plot can't stand careful analysis, but it does have some good laughs, thanks mainly to that smoothie, Bob Hope.

Love is a lightsome thing in the movies. Somehow in "Four's a Crowd," Puck's love drops get all mixed up among Errol Flynn, a publicity man, Rosalind Russell, a star reporter, Patric Knowles, her publisher, and Olivia De Havilland, a nit-wit whose grandfather owns eight millions. Walter Connolly is good, as usual, as the grandfather. There's much hop-scotching around among the lovers; but everything works out all right. "Four's a Crowd" is quite amusing at times, and is well acted, especially by Miss Russell. PHILIP HARTUNG.

Books of the Day

Thomism and Abstract Ethics

The Conflict between Ethics and Sociology, by the Rt. Rev. Simon Deploige; translated by Rev. Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $3.00.

IT IS an intriguing observation that in combating a system one is very apt to become infected by its spirit and that precisely in proportion to the vehemence of the original opposition. An ardent champion of liberty may end as an advocate of oppression for the sake of liberty. An opponent of dogmatism will in a short time outdo his adversary in intolerance and assertiveness. Such a tendency is noticeable, as Monsignor Deploige brings out very definitely, in the development of sociology which bids fair to become as aprioristic and dogmatic as the ethics against which it directs its terrific broadsides. In the systems of Levy-Bruhl and Emile Durkheim the transformation can be traced without difficulty. We are prepared for this subtle change when we accept the author's well-documented thesis that the new sociology has its roots in German thought in which the ferment of apriorism is ever present.

The feud between ethics and sociology is still going on. In reality, however, the war is not between sociology and Thomistic ethics which rests on a sound empirical basis and preserves a sane empirical outlook but between sociology and rationalistic ethics which works with abstract formulas and loses all contact with reality. Thus Durkheim says: "The moralists begin by reasoning as if the moral law was to be entirely invented, as if they were before a clear table on which they could erect their own system to suit their taste." A reaction against such arbitrary constructions was fully justified. Like all reactions sociology also went to extremes as is evidenced in Durkheim's further claim: "Traditional morality is today ruined, and no other has been formed which can take its place." In spite of the moral confusion rife in our days we still find everywhere vestiges of the old moralities. Casually we might say that since the dawn of history no new sin has been discovered and that no substantial additions have been made to the original catalogue of virtues. The alleged mutability of ethical concepts which is one of the chief tenets of sociology cannot be established by empirical methods but is rather contradicted by a careful reading of the facts of experience.

Sociology and moral philosophy have no reason for mutual antipathy. They are complementary, as the Thomistic ethician really would have it. To vary slightly a well-known axiom we would say: Moral philosophy without sociology is empty and legislates in a vacuum; on the other hand, sociology without ethics is blind and lacks the criteria for the evaluation of the data which it has laboriously accumulated. Nowhere is the failure of pure sociology more evident than when it endeavors to provide a firm anchorage for the obligatory power of morality. Its attempt to do this by investing society with divine attributes is not only futile but jeopardizes all human rights and liberties.

It is the signal merit of Monsignor Deploige to have proved that the strictures of sociology do not at all affect Thomistic ethics and that accordingly a reconciliation between Thomism and modern sociology is not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impossible. Between the two exists much common ground. Once this is understood the present needless and harmful conflict will turn into fruitful cooperation.

That the translation was done by one who is a noted sociologist in his own right and thoroughly familiar with the whole field may, indeed, be regarded as a very fortunate circumstance. C. BRUEHL.

CRITICISM

David Garrick, Dramatist, by Elizageth P. Stein. New York: The Modern Language Association of America. $2.50.

TO MOST of us Garrick is known as the greatest British actor of the eighteenth century and as a member of that extraordinary club whose central figure was Sam Johnson. Few people know that Garrick was a playwright and fewer still that the character and caliber of his plays were extraordinary.

In the volume under review Dr. Stein divides Garrick's work into social satires, French adaptations, pantomime, Christmas and musical plays, preludes, interludes, and burlesques, and sentimental comedy; and in discussing and appraising them shows herself a penetrating critic and a courageous challenger of other scholars whom she has caught napping.

Dr. Stein is particularly concerned with "The Clandestine Marriage" written by Garrick in collaboration with George Colman the elder. Her concern is due to the fact that this notable comedy, if proved to be essentially Garrick's work, will be the sum and crown of his other dramatic pieces and will justify her in claiming for him his proper place among British dramatists. With telling facts and carefully marshalled internal evidence she builds up her case and wins the reader's assent to her conclusion pronounced with pardonable pride that Garrick was "after Sheridan and Goldsmith the third important dramatist of the period."

This book is full of good things: the bickerings of theatrical managers, the rows between pit and players, the chiselling of the Stratford-on-Avonites on the occasion of the Jubilee (1769); the side-lights on Garrick: his adoration of Shakespeare, his ability to laugh at himself (perhaps the final touch of grace in an actor!), his common sense, brilliantly revealed in his attacks on the shams and affectations of contemporary high society.

Dr. Stein's study, written with verve and enthusiasm, proves that the fruits of scholarship flourish best not in a state of suspended animation but in the bracing atmosphere of life. JOSEPH J. REILLY.

England's Musical Poet: Thomas Campion, by Miles Merion Kastendick. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE PRECISE scholarliness in theses required by academia unquestionably serves its purpose, yet at the same time there is an implicit conflict between it and the purposes of literature. That Mr. Kastendick satisfies academic requirements is obvious. However, for all but a few students, a much happier treatment of subject would have been one less concerned with laboring its points, unnecessary restatements and elaboration of the argumentative positions. Perhaps theses should never be published without extensive rewriting and this particular book would have greatly benefited by such a course.

At best, the dissertation touches on a phase of poetry which, regrettable or not, has passed, with little prospect of revival. Mr. Kastendick is among those who regret this passing. For he enthusiastically admires that complete union of poetry and music—not the music of word rhythms but of instrumental composition—which, in his opinion, came to its fairest flower in Thomas Campion. This poet was also a musician and the art which he developed relied equally on the talents of both rôles. Without the musician, the poet's words would lose much of their significance; without the poet, the musician's notes would similarly suffer. Since there were singularly few whose abilities compassed both functions, the divorce of poetry and music was inevitable. Today the poet has created his own independent music and if a composer can be found to write an air for it, the mating is seldom predetermined.

Mr. Kastendick may implicitly be urging reunion of the two arts. This may possibly occur. Yet if it does, it is improbable that anything like a poetic movement will follow. Gilbert and Sullivan, whom Mr. Kastendick cites as the nearest modern equivalent of Campion, were two men not one. Who can say how much the one sacrificed to the other? Indeed Mr. Kastendick does not examine this question: how much did Campion, the poet, sacrifice to Campion, the musician? There is enough in his book to arouse the present-day poet's suspicion that the sacrifice may have been heavy.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Annals of the New York Stage, by George C. D. Odell. Volume X: 1875-1879. *New York: Columbia University Press.* $8.75.

IN THIS, the tenth volume of his monumental history of the New York stage, Professor Odell enters a period of which some of the protagonists, though very few, are still alive. Among the names of the débutantes in the last half of the seventies are those of James H. Powers, Kate Mayhew, Joe Weber, Lew Fields, Henry E. Dixey and Mary Anderson, and those who have seen the recent performances of Mr. Powers and Miss Mayhew in the Players' revivals will realize that not only are they alive, but kicking. But of course the great majority of the players brought up by Professor Odell have long ago passed away, for the tenth volume tells of the heyday of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Charles Fechter, E. L. Davenport, Lester Wallack, Joseph Jefferson, John McCullough, Barry Sullivan, Adelaide Neilson, Charles Coghlan, Rose Coghlan, Fanny Davenport, Helena Modjeska and E. A. Sothern, and for a work of such meticulous and exhaustive scholarship, it tells the story with extraordinary gusto and conciseness. For Professor Odell omits nothing, not even the casts of amateur performances and variety in Williamsburg, and Long Island City. For in the seventies Williamsburg and Long Island City, not to speak of Brooklyn, were centers of dramatic effort. The movies had not arrived to pack off the drama to a few streets east and west of Broadway. And Professor Odell by searching through old newspaper files has found it all.

He tells among other things of the time when two Hamlets opened the same night in New York, when E. L. Davenport appealed at the Grand Opera House to the patriotism of the native American, against the Irish spirit of Shakespeare opening at Booth's Theatre in the person of Barry Sullivan. He quotes William Winter on Booth's Hamlet, and shows that the sage of the *Tribune* was not enthusiastic about a young actor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

named John Drew who played Guildenstern. We read that Mary Anderson made it a proud boast that she had never played anything but leading parts, probably the reason why she never became the actress she might have been. But it would be vain to mention the hundreds of other things which raise the book above a mere catalogue of names and dates. Professor Odell has already written a work which will never have to be done again—and yet he is only up to 1880. Let us hope he will be spared to bring the "Annals of the New York Stage" up to the days of the Federal Theatre!

GRENVILLE VERNON.

FICTION

A Day of Battle, by Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS seems to me a book much more compact, swifter and edged more sharply with irony than Vincent Sheean's elaborate and greatly admired "San Felice." Indeed, until I was half-way through it, I suspected it to be a great novel, as I still think it a very good one. Where it drops, in my opinion, is in some of the switch-back scenes where we encounter the Pompadour (on the point of being made royal mistress in title), Voltaire and the future Cardinal Bernis. But though it may well be that the majority of readers will find precisely those scenes the most fascinating in the book, I confess I was unconvinced and slightly bored by a fluffy, kittenish Pompadour—who might as well be an American flapper—and by the two literary men who are only claws sheathed in velvet.

For the rest the book is magnificent. It is notoriously difficult to make descriptions of battles intelligible to the lay reader. Offhand I can think of nobody who has succeeded so well as Mr. Sheean, except Winston Churchill in his "Marlborough," Hardy in the stage-directions of "The Dynasts," and of course Belloc. Though Voltaire is made to say, "All battles are exactly alike. Numbers of men set upon and kill numbers of other men. That is all there is to it," Vincent Sheean makes the battle of Fontenoy, which is the center of his action, as exciting as it is distinctive. This was the first French victory over English arms since the days of Saint Louis, and it was "touch and go" right up to the last minute. The cool steadiness of the English infantry in face of a withering fire completely broke the French center, and then resisted one furious cavalry charge after another. A panic nearly ensued: many of the perfumed, bediamonded, redheeled nobles began to implore Louis XV to flee before it was too late; the English were winning, as they always did. But Marshal Saxe (one wishes that Mr. Sheean would not keep calling him "Maurice") knew what he was up to. He had planned this battle years before and saw that he had drawn the English into an untenable position. So, after he had worn them down, he threw the still fresh Jacobite regiments—composed of Irish, English and Scotch refugees—against Cumberland's hollow square, and forced an orderly retreat. It needed Saxe's most peremptory orders to restrain the wild Irish from a pursuit that would have undone everything.

The portrait of Saxe is unforgettable. Bloated, and groaning with dropsy, he had to be carried in a kind of wheeled cradle to direct the operations. The figure of this soldier of fortune—the bastard of a German king—with his rough kindness under a brutal exterior, and tender memories for his dead mother and Adrienne Lecouvreur, his dead mistress, under his lewdness, could not be better drawn. Almost equally good are the pictures of the Jacobite exiles—romantic gentlemen in command of semi-savages—who hugged the illusion that Fontenoy was going to alter the history of the world and bring about a Stuart restoration. Only the Marquis d'Argenson guessed that the losers had won after all, that France was rotting under a brilliant façade, and that the issue was to be decided in Canada and India. And Voltaire, cynically pocketing the emoluments obtained from his flattery of the Pompadour, nevertheless cherished a dream of justice that was destined to bring the Capetian house to the scaffold.

It is an ironical comment on history, all the more effective for not being stressed too strongly. Mr. Sheean permits himself hardly more than to say in his Foreword: "Since reversals of the current of time are a phenomenon of not infrequent appearance, there may be Fontenoys today or tomorrow, and the battle seems to the author not a tangent from the historic process, but a part of its general curve."

JOHN KENNETH MERTON.

Storevik, by Gosta af Geijerstam. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

AS REFRESHING as an east wind in August is the chronicle of a few months in the life of the Norwegian family that Gosta af Geijerstam has already introduced to his readers in "Northern Summer." The narrator father, who is both artist and writer, the mother, and their six lively children form one of the most delightful families imaginable. Theirs is a houseful of characters in the most charming, human sense of the word; and we come to know them as casually and as distinctly as though we had dropped in for a visit.

Though the father would surely disclaim any favoritism in his dealings with his youngsters, his pen seems partial to Golle, the son "of a thin-skinned age" who looked often "as if he had been sentenced to a life of hard labor," and to four-year-old Sunniva, whom any remembering elder would envy her discovery of the wonders of Creation. The dedication of the book "to the memory of my son Svante" deepens the pathos of many scenes, both grave and gay, through which the living boy moves.

The story sounds as though everything had happened precisely thus from the excursion in search of the first cowslips, "little flecks of sun in the dry, dead grass," to a reverent, beautiful Christmas Eve. The spring dance of the black grouse, the wild storms on the fjord, the finding of the Stone Age hatchet, the moving of the old house—how could one doubt their reality? Since the book will invite you back, reread it in midwinter and enjoy again its tenderness, its exquisite precision, its unassuming richness.

OLIVE B. WHITE.

TRAVEL

Vagabond Voyaging: The Story of Freighter Travel, by Larry Nixon. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.25.

MANY newspapermen who were active in New York in 1926 will remember with keen pleasure their frequent meetings with the author of "Vagabond Voyaging," who was at that time the editor of the paper *Travel Trade*. Larry Nixon had the faculty of telling his story to the office boy or to the managing editor or to a passing reporter with characteristic facility. His story was well told by one who was at the apex of his trade

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VISTA MARIA

HOSPICE OF REST AND HEALTH

On the Crest of the Shawangunk Mountains

Cragsmoor, Ulster Co., N. Y.

VISTA MARIA'S beautiful mansion, with its wide porches, arbors and terraces, was formerly the home of the late George Inness, Jr., the famous landscape artist. Surrounded by 385 acres of woodlands and meadows, it affords rest and relaxation of body and mind without an institutional atmosphere.

The altitude of 2,000 feet, the marvelous views, the healthful climate, congenial Catholic atmosphere, the beautiful natural surroundings, pure and healthful spring water, the spacious and charming rooms, all make for repose and recuperation.

A competent physician is in attendance, to give diathermic, infra-red and ultra-violet ray treatments if desired. Highly nervous patients or those requiring professional nursing care are not accepted. Special attention is paid to diet.

Any income derived from this work is devoted to the support of the work of the community in its activities for the sick poor in mission lands.

Reservations must always be made beforehand. Address Sister Superior.

Address

The Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick,
Vista Maria, Cragsmoor, Ulster Co., New York
Telephone Ellenville 63-R

Madonna House Benefit Shop

Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side
QUEENSBORO BRIDGE MARKET
59th Street and First Avenue
Telephone EL 5-4794

We Need

Furniture
House Furnishings
Clothing

A truck will call for anything you do not want.
Help the victims of the unemployment situation!

MADONNA HOUSE
169-175 Cherry Street New York City

A PLAY FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!
GEORGE ABBOTT'S NEW HIT

WHAT A LIFE

"The American farce-comedy of humor at its best."
Grenville Vernon, THE COMMONWEAL.

BILTMORE Thea. W. 47th St., Evs. 8:45—50c to $3. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 50c to $2.

SITUATION WANTED

***ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR** of fine boy, mixed, a capella and academy choirs. Authority on Gregorian Chant. Organizer of Parish orchestras and choruses. Available Sept. 1st. Box G14, The Commonweal.*

at that time. In his "Vagabond Voyaging" he depicts with distinctive personality the story of freighter travel in a manner to compel old and young, rich and poor, to wish to emulate the seven-sea experiences he relates.

The volume, well illustrated, is a creditable piece of publishing and is an added honor to the record of Little, Brown and Company. It can be laid down and its reading may be resumed as desired. The most extraordinary thing about the book is the care with which its editor has assembled and collated his facts. Some of the chapters consist of letters from friends of the very pleasant Larry who have found world-traveling in the Nixon way desirable, instructive and entertaining.

"Freighters go to small as well as to large ports . . ." "A 10,000 ton freighter is a mighty good-sized ship, capable of meeting the storms of the seven seas on a journey around the world." Newspaper men told friends about Nixon's freighter traveling and letters piled up asking about it. Larry did his best to answer every question, but the time arrived when the cost of assembling the facts, paying a stenographer's salary and other expenses were overwhelming. Hence the book gradually developed. Among the many writers who advised Larry's progressive move was Octavus Roy Cohen, the fiction writer. As one of the grim results of an article in *Cosmopolitan* the author was compelled to tell a lot of good people who had little time to spare that they couldn't do the impossible.

Freighter traveling, properly undertaken, suggests passenger participation in all the operations of the ship. As an instance, the author tells about a girl whose regular employment is making fashion drawings for an advertising agency. She makes fine strokes with a fine pen but since she has taken on vagabond voyaging she dons overhauls and spreads paint with a lavish brush over masts and rigging.

"People who get sick 'the minute we leave the dock' on Atlantic liners go through a dozen freighter journeys without a trace of mal-de-mer." In very fact our fact-finding author finds in the case of light-loaded boats "that passengers find it fun to get out in the air, and rapidly learn to walk up and down pitching decks, developing a surprising dexterity at grabbing ropes stretched along to guide the passer-by."

"Between the captain and fellow passengers you can find out anything;" "You eat with the officers and use their lounge;" "Eight words of English are enough for conversation;" "Meet the cook in his galley or chat with him on deck;" "Always something new to see;" are some of the chapters that make this book well worth the reading. The original photographs are from Harold Stein and there are splendid and alluring pen and ink drawings by Paul Quinn. EDWARD J. BREEN.

Let's Visit Belgium, by Byron Steel. New York: Julian Messner. $2.50.

FINE bled photographs and attractively printed pages sustain the charm of an easy narrative descriptive of places interesting to the armchair tourist or the traveler in Belgium. For the latter useful and up-to-date information is given including suggested itineraries and a practical vocabulary. The historic background of the country is briefly sketched. Bibliography and index are appended. If you are so fortunate as to be visiting this charming little country you will find here a good companion. C. N.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Inner Forum

OF THE several diocesan schools of social action which were conducted in various parts of the United States this summer, one of the most important has just concluded its four weeks' sessions at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary at Mundelein, Ill. The courses there attracted 248 priests from fifteen different dioceses throughout the United States and Canada. Very Reverend Reynold Hillenbrand, rector of the seminary, was director of the school, which, according to the *New World,* was "the largest of the kind in the country."

Classes during the first week were conducted by Monsignor John A. Ryan, director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. During the second week Monsignor F. J. Haas, dean of the faculty of social science of the Catholic University of America, and Reverend John S. Cronin, S.S., of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, led the social action classes. Bishop Robert E. Lucey of Amarillo, Texas, was the leading teacher during the third week, while Father Bernard W. Dempsey, S.J., of St. Louis, conducted classes on the new social order during the fourth and final week. Other priests from outside Chicago who conducted classes were Monsignor Luigi Ligutti, president of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, Reverend Franklyn Kennedy of the Milwaukee *Catholic Herald-Citizen,* Reverend George M. Nell of Island Grove, Ill., and Reverend Raymond Miller, C.SS.R., of Immaculate Conception Monastery, Oconomowoc, Wis.

A number of laymen from various professional groups took part in the sessions of the social action school. Among them were William Lewis, director of the Chicago Allied Printing Trades Council; Samuel Levin of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; Leonard Bajork, regional director of the National Labor Relations Board; Martin Durkin, director of the Illinois Department of Labor; William J. Campbell, state director of the National Youth Administration; Hugh McCarthy, regional director of the Social Security Board; Horace Cayton, research expert on housing problems, and John Brophy, director of the C.I.O. Other speakers included an A.F.L. representative and a member of the Central States Cooperative League.

Chicago's first summer school of Catholic social action has led to plans for the 1939 sessions which contemplate a larger faculty and a wider range of courses.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Francis P. DONNELLY, S.J., is the author of many books, among which is "Art Principles in Literature."
Rosamond HAAS is a Michigan poet.
Sister JULIE, O.P., teaches at Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
James J. WALSH, M.D., writer and lecturer, is the author of many books, among them "Health through Will Power" and "Cures."
Robert Sparks WALKER is a journalist and lecturer and author of "Anchor Poems."
Anthony MORGAN is a student of French life and literature.
Rev. Charles P. BRUEHL is professor of fundamental dogma and German at the Overbrook Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph J. REILLY is professor of English at Hunter College, New York City, and the author of "Newman as a Man of Letters."
John Gilland BRUNINI, executive secretary of the Catholic Poetry Society of America and the editor of *Spirit,* is the author of "The Mysteries of the Rosary."
John Kenneth MERTON is a teacher and writer.
Olive B. WHITE is the author of "The King's Good Servant."
Edward J. BREEN is a journalist and critic.

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY—MUSIC SCHOOL

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart
133rd St. & Convent Ave., New York, N. Y.
Courses Offered
Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Liturgical Singing—School Music, Tone and Rhythm Series—Organ, Piano, Vocal Lessons—and other branches of Music. Four Year Course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Music.
For further Information address secretary.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE of Staten Island
GRYMES HILL, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.
A Distinctive Liberal Arts College for Young Women
Chartered by the Regents of the University of the State of New York
Ideally and conveniently located—15 minutes from N. Y. and N. J. Ferries and Bridges
Sisters of Congregation de Notre Dame *Phone:* Gibraltar 7-4343

ACADEMY OF ST. JOSEPH
In-the-Pines
Brentwood, Long Island
Boarding and Day School for Girls
Elementary and High School, Affiliated with the State University
Complete Courses in Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music
EXTENSIVE GROUNDS, LARGE CAMPUS, ATHLETICS
HORSEBACK RIDING
ADDRESS: MOTHER SUPERIOR

O A K K N O L L
SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD
Summit, N. J.
Resident and Day School for Girls and Small Boys.
Elementary, Junior and Senior Departments. College Preparatory.
Bus service within reasonable radius.
Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus

COLLEGE OF
NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND
North Charles Street
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages.
For Information Address the Registrar.

MOUNT SAINT AGNES JUNIOR COLLEGE and School for Girls
Accredited by Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.
Mount Washington, Baltimore, Md.
Conducted by Sisters of Mercy
Catalogues on Application

DUNBARTON COLLEGE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross
Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges
Member of the American Association of Junior Colleges
Standard two-year courses in Arts and Sciences
Music, Dramatics, Secretarial Studies
CLASSES: 9 A.M.—9 P.M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary

Accredited. Resident and non-resident. Confers B.A., B.S. Degrees. Special two-year course. Music, Art, Pedagogy, Journalism, Household Arts, Dramatics, Secretarial, Pre-Medical. Athletics.

Extensions: 1027 Fifth Ave., New York City

Paris, France Rome, Italy

Address Secretary

MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

Wilson Park, Tarrytown, New York

Fifth Ave. & 84th Street, New York City

Address Rev. Mother

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

ROSEMONT, PA.

Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science.

For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Fully accredited ***Junior Year Abroad***

Telephone Bryn Mawr 14

Address REGISTRAR

SETON HILL COLLEGE

Greensburg **Pennsylvania**

Accredited by

Association of American Universities

Competent Student Guidance

Academic Leadership

A Junior Year Abroad

Honors Courses

Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law, Teacher Training

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Music, Home Economics

Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States

IMMACULATA COLLEGE

IMMACULATA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary

Fully Accredited

DEGREES:

Arts, Science, Pre-medical, Secretarial, Music, Vocational Home Economics, High School Teacher Certificate.

Swimming-pool, lake, campus, 327 acres, athletics, riding, sports. View-book on request.
40 minutes from Philadelphia

Phone: Malvern 2201 Cable: Marimmac

BOYS' SCHOOL

NAZARETH HALL MILITARY SCHOOL

Ladyglen-on-the-Maumee
Grand Rapids, Ohio

•

An Ursuline Boarding and Day School for Boys in the Grades

Modern Building—400 Acre Estate—1½ Mile River Front—Riding—Swimming—All Boys' Sports—Resident Coach—Terms Moderate

ADDRESS—SISTER DIRECTRESS

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Mount Mary College for Women

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame

Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Ph. D., LL. D., President

For information address
THE DEAN

MUNDELEIN COLLEGE for Women

Sheridan Road at the Lake
Chicago

Liberal Arts and Sciences, with special courses leading to degrees in Art, Drama, Music, Home Economics, Commerce and Finance, Social Service.

Freshman Day, Sept. 12
Registration, Sept. 13-16

For Information Address THE REGISTRAR

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Suburb of Chicago

A Catholic College for Women

Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wis.
Accredited by the Association of American Universities.
Offers Courses in Modern Gaelic.
Junior Year may be spent abroad in Fribourg, Switzerland.

Mount St. Scholastica College

ATCHISON, KANSAS

A Catholic College for Women

Fifty Miles from Kansas City

Conducted by the Benedictine Sisters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED